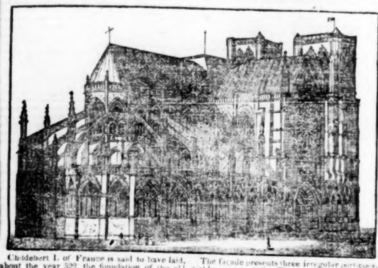
Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XVI. *Philadelphia, July 29, 1837.* *Whole No. 835.*

East View of the Church of Notre Dame—France.



Childebert I. of France is said to have laid, about the year 522, the foundation of the old Church of Notre Dam. The present building was commenced in the reign of Robert, (about 1010,) and was continued by Philip Augustus, under the direction of Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris. This prelate showed great taste, and no less skill in forming the plan of this fine church. Its erection was carried on by several other bishops of the Catholic Church until it was completed. The disposition of its parts was nobly conceived and admirably executed; it is indeed justly considered as one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. Its length is 390 French feet, its breadth 144, and its height, from the ground to the roof is 104 feet.

Along the whole length of the building extend 120 massy columns, forming a double colonade; 297 such columns, each cut from a single block, are interspersed through different parts of the Cathedral. The style of the architecture is a bold and delicate Gothic.

The façade presents three irregular porticoes, richly ornamented. They were adorned previous to the revolution, with statues, which were at that period destroyed. The centre portico is of modern architecture.

In the interior, steps of Languedoc marble conduct to the sanctuary, the altar of which has been greatly admired. It is 3 feet 8 inches long and 3 feet high; it has 8 circular supporters, which, as well as the steps, are of white marble. In front are three bass reliefs. The regalia of Charlemagne and many gold and silver vases are exhibited here, together with the splendid robes made for the clergy at the coronation of Bonaparte, and presented by him to this Cathedral.—They are still worn on fete days, but the bees, with which they have been adorned, have been exchanged for lilies. Among the modern ornaments there is a Sun of gold, presented by Louis XVIII. in commemoration of the success of the French in Spain in 1823.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

EVENING.

Gently the evening zephyrs blowing,
Fan the closing flowers to sleep;
And Cynthia as her horn is filling,
From fleecy clouds begins to peep:
The warblers hush their matin lay,
Amid the spicy grove;
And chant no longer mournfully,
Nor softly whisper love.

The plumes of night are spread to curtain,
Hill and dale with darkness now,
Whilst those coronets so starry,
Thickly stud her radiant brow,
And solemn silence seemeth now,
Upon the aged wood,
The finest spot for calm, and deep,
Unbroken solitude!

The S[illegible] in rest forgets his labour,
The H[illegible] has laid aside the [illegible];
His tender flocks in fold reposing,
Have ceased to [illegible] the flowery mead—
For morpheus with his leaden sway,
Doth rock a world to sleep;
With guardian [illegible] hovering nigh,
Their sacred watch to keep;

Nature's pulse hath ceased its beating,
Slumbering earth is taking rest;
Now, and in his own creation,
Deity must stand co[illegible]
Yes—there is one who never sleeps,
One who is ever nigh;
And in the hollow of whose hand,
Live [illegible]

E. C. J.

THE HOURI.

A PERSIAN TALE.

In the 41[illegible] year of the Hegira's, Shah Abbas [illegible] reigned in the kingdom of Iraun. He was young and an accomplished prince, who had distinguished himself alike by his valour in the field [illegible] by his wisdom in the cabinet. Justice was [illegible]ly and equally administered throughout his dominions; the nation grew wealthy and prosperous under his sway, and the neighbouring potentates, [illegible] of whom either feared his power or admired his character, were ambitious of being numbered among the friends and allies of Abbas Selim. [Am]idst all these advantages, a tendency to pensiveness and melancholy, which had very early marked [his] disposition, began to assume an absolute dominion over him. He avoided the pleasures of the [cha]se, the banquet, and the harem, and would shut [him]self up for days and weeks in his library (the [mo]st valuable and extensive collection of oriental [lit]erature extant), where he passed his time [illegible] in the study of the occult sciences and in the [pe]rusal of the works of the Magicians and the [illegible]. One of the most remarkable features of [his] character was the indifference with which he [illegible] the beautiful females, Circassians, Georgians and Franks, who thronged his court, and who [exert]ed their talents and charms to the utmost [illegible]

[illegible]

'Thou hast wound up my spirit to a pitch of intense desire. Let me gaze upon her, if it be but for an instant.'

'Prince,' said the sage, fixing his dark, bright eye upon the Shah, 'hope not to possess her upon earth. Any attempt at discovering her abode, or making her thy own, will be disastrous to you both. Promise me that thou wilt not think of any such enterprise.'

'I promise thee any thing—every thing. But haste thee, good Achmet, haste thee, for my heart is full, even to overflowing.'

The sage then with his wand described a circle round the prince, within which he placed several boxes of frankincense and other precious spices, and afterwards kindled them. A light thin cloud of the most odorous fragrance began to diffuse itself over the apartment. Achmet bowed his head to the ground repeatedly during this ceremony, and waved his wand, uttering many sounds in a language with which the Shah was unacquainted. At length, as the cloud began to grow rather dense, the old man drew himself up to his utmost height, leaned his right hand on his wand, which he rested on the floor, and, in a low solemn tone, uttered an incantation, which seemed to be a metrical composition, but was in the same unknown language. It lasted several minutes, and while the old man was pronouncing it the cloud which was spread over the whole apartment, seemed gradually gathering together, and forming a condensed body. An unnatural but very brilliant light pervaded the chamber, and the cloud was seen revolving itself into the resemblance of a human shape, until at length the prince saw, or fancied that he saw, a beautiful female figure standing before him. His own surprise was not greater than that of the old man, who gazed upon the phantom he had raised, and trembled as he gazed. It appeared to be a young female about fifteen years of age. She was tall and her form exhibited the most wonderful symmetry. Her eyes were large, bright, and black. Her complexion was as though it had borrowed the combined hues of the ruby and the pearl, being of an exquisite white and red. Her lips and her teeth each exhibited one of those [illegible] in perfection, and her long dark hair was covered with flowers, and flowed in glossy ringlets down to her waist. She was dressed in a long flowing robe of dazzling whiteness: she neither moved nor spoke, only once the prince thought that she smiled upon him and then the figure instantly vanished, the preternatural light left the apartment, and the mild moonbeams again streamed through the open lattices.

Before the exclamation of joy which was formed in the prince's bosom could reach his lips, it was changed into a yell of disappointment. 'Old man,' he said, 'thus triflest with me—thou hast presented this vision to me eyes only that thou might'st withdraw it immediately. Call back that lovely form, or, by Mahomet! thou shalt exchange thy [illegible] for the [illegible] to exercise of tormenting Abbas Selim.'

'Is it thus, oh king!' said Achmet, 'that thou rewardest the efforts made by thy faithful subjects to fulfil thy wishes? I have tasked my art to its utmost extent to call back that vision, or to present [illegible]

[illegible]

'Tis true,' said the limner. 'He placed in my hands a sketch for a female portrait, in which I instantly recognised your features.'

'It is but a few days ago,' said she, 'that I had an extraordinary dream. Methought I was in an apartment of surprising extent and magnificence. A cloud of fragrant odours filled the room; the cloud became gradually condensed, and then assumed the form of a young man of most majestic form and handsome features. Although I had never seen the Shah, I soon knew, by his pale proud brow, so sad and yet so beautiful, his bright, sparkling blue eye, his tall, stately form, and his regal gait, that this could be none other than Abbas Selim. He smiled sweetly upon me—he took my hand in his, and as his lips approached mine I woke, and saw only the cold moonbeams gilding my chamber.'

'Sweet Selima! why have I never heard of this before?'

'I told it all to my father,' she said; 'but he frowned upon me, and bade me think of it no more, and to tell my dream to no one. But thy strange message has made me violate his command. I have thought of nothing but Abbas Selim since. How happy ought the nation to be whom he governs; and, above all, how happy the maiden whom he loves!'

'Then art thou, my Selima, supremely happy,' said the limner; 'for of thee is he enamoured to desperation. Thou must accompany me immediately to the palace.'

In the mean time the Shah paced his apartment in an agony of impatience. 'Curse on this lingering limner!' he exclaimed; 'has he combined with the Magician to drive me to distraction? May every vile peasant press to his heart the being whom he adores, and am I, the lord of this vast empire, to sigh in vain, and to be continually tormented with faint and momentary glimpses of the heaven from which I am debarred!'

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the private entrance to his apartment, to which he had given the painter a passport, opened, and his messenger entered, leading his fair companion by the hand. No sooner did the monarch's eyes encounter those of Selima, than he instantly knew that he was in the real, substantial presence of her whose phantom he had beheld. His wonder and delight knew no bounds, nor will the power of language suffice to describe them. He pressed to his heart the object for which it had so long panted. Health and strength appeared to be suddenly restored to him; new life seemed rushing through his veins [illegible]

[illegible]

For whose sake we had sworn, we would once again come,
To our friends, to her bosom; to love and to home.

Oh! lives there a being, though bearing a mind,
Fraught with hatred to all of his own human kind,
No matter how sad or how sullen his breast,
That feelings like these would e'er have suppressed,
A thought of that spot, which his infancy knew,
A thought of that spot where to manhood he grew,
Of the wide spreading oak-tree aneath whose cool shade,
In the hours of his childhood he gambolled and played;
Would make him feel desolate, dreary and lone,
When cast by Affliction away from his home.

Blockley, July 4th, 1837.

From the London United Service Journal.

THE PRIZE RECAPTURED.

AN INCIDENT OF THE LAST AMERICAN WAR.

The following Narrative is a plain statement of authenticated facts which occurred to two brothers, one of whom only, now serving as Captain in the —— regiment, survives.

In the middle of the year 1812, when England, in a situation all but desperate, was combating singly with the European continent for existence, she sustained an attack from a quarter where she might have expected and ought certainly to have met with sympathy. Her offspring in the New World ungenerously declared against her! and suddenly covered the Atlantic with a swarm of privateers, eager to prey on her ill armed and worse-manned merchantmen.

Among the many captures made by these hornets in the early part of the war, the following narrative of one is remarkable for its evidence of the effect of surprise in paralising the minds of men, whose active and dangerous occupation ought certainly to render them the least subject to panic. But we believe there are very few men conscious of possessing what Napoleon (in allusion to an anecdote related in the Memoirs of the Duc de Sully) calls "two o'clock in the morning courage." Indeed, for one who would have acted with the presence of mind recorded of the gallant Crillon, thousands, perhaps, in other circumstances, equally brave, would have fled; a truth which the subjoined statement may tend to demonstrate.

A small merchant brig, called the Euphemia, belonging to a house in Glasgow, on her voyage from La Guayra in Colombia to Gibraltar, on the 16th Dec. 1812, with a favourable breeze, in latitude forty degrees, and a little to the west[illegible]

[illegible]

ready, with one consent the brothers sprang to their arms; the American master at this instant luckily gave no sign of being awake, and while the younger brother locked the cabin door after him, Capt. —— got on deck and cried aloud, "This vessel is now again my property!" immediately discharging a pistol at the helmsman.—The seamen appeared to have been collected on the larboard side of the quarter-deck, talking with the man at the helm, who dropped in consequence of receiving, almost at the same moment with the slug shot, a sabre wound. The others ran round the opposite side of the companion on their way forward; the remaining charge of slugs was sent among them, and Capt. —— pursued, while his brother, stationed at the companion, warned those below that an attempt to come on deck would meet with instant death. On the former reaching the windlass, he found the mate, a tall muscular man, ready to charge him with a boarding pike, but knocking it aside with his broadsword, and placing the muzzle of the remaining pistol close to the man's head, he ordered him instantly below, a mandate that was promptly obeyed; those remaining quickly followed, tumbling down the hatchway in great haste, to the manifest danger of their limbs. He then drew the hatch over, and lashed a hedge across it to the two bower anchors; coming aft, a rope was run round the companion door way, which had no lock, and a couple of nails driven behind the slide which secured the crew below; and thus the brig was restored to her rightful commander.

It now became necessary to consider the means of navigating the ship, and the care of the wounded men, for it was judged another had been hurt by the second shot in consequence of the scream or exclamation which followed the discharge. On examining the man remaining on deck it was found that slugs had penetrated the arm, and he was lightly injured in the side; the other man's wound proved to be very trifling.—After dressing the hurt of the former, he was sent below in the forecastle, to which place the three men in the steerage were likewise transferred. The prizemaster was allowed to remain locked up in the cabin. The whole of the small arms were at this juncture thrown overboard, with the exception of the two brace of pistols mentioned, and a cutlass.

The weather had been nearly calm all day, but as it could not be expected to remain moderate on the North American shores at that season of the year, a man and boy were called up to assist in reefing top-sails and working the ship. When with these feeble means every thing was made secure, the log-book was examined, whence the ship's place appeared to be a little to the north-west of Cape Cod; but no observation had been obtained for several days, and very little confidence was placed in the reckoning. A course was, however, shaped for Halifax, Nova Scotia, as the most convenient port; but unhappily during the night it began to blow from the north-west, and continued with [illegible]

[illegible]

very different. Yet, the foresight, confidence, and judgment displayed in this spirited enterprise are abundantly remarkable; and the successful issue for the time was well deserved.—*Fortes fortuna juvat.*

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

Year after year unto her feet,
The while she slumbereth alone,
Over the purpled coverlet
The maiden's jet-black hair hath grown,
On either side her tranced form
Forth streaming from a braid of pearl;
The slumb'rous light is rich and warm,
And moves not on the rounded curl.
The silk star-broided coverlid
Unto her limbs itself doth mould
Languidly ever, and amid
Her full black ringlets downward roll'd
Glows forth each softly shadow'd arm,
With bracelets of the diamond bright;
Her constant beauty doth inform
Stillness with love and day with light.

She sleeps; her breathings are not heard
In palace chambers far apart;
The fragrant tresses are not stirred
That lie upon her charmed heart.
She sleeps; on either side upswells
The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest;
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells
A perfect form in perfect rest.

LONDON—A FRAGMENT.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF H. HEINE.)

I have seen what the world can show most remarkable to an astonished spirit; I have seen, and my astonishment is yet unabated. Ever rears itself in my remembrance that stony forest of habitations, and within it that impetuous stream of living human countenances, with all its terrible tastes of love, of hunger, and of hatred. I speak of London.

Send a philosopher to London—but, on your life, no poet! Send a philosopher hither, and set him in a nook of Cheapside; he will here learn more than out of all the books in the last Leipsic fair; and, as the human billows rush around him, an ocean of new thoughts will rise within him; the eternal spirit hovering over, will inspire him; the closet mystery of social order suddenly opens itself to him; he will audibly catch, and visibly mark, the beating pulse of the world. Then as London is the practical, powerful right-hand of the world, so is that thoroughfare leading from the Royal Exchange to Downing-street, to be regarded as a world's artery.

But do not bring a poet to London! This bare reality in all things, this colossal uniformity, this mechanical movement this uneasiness of pleasure itself, this over-excited London, crushes the fancy, while it wounds the heart. And would you send a German poet hither, a dreamer, who stops to contemplate every single object, perhaps a ragged beggar-woman, or a polished jewel case! O, then, things soon go badly with him, and he is pushed backwards and forwards upon all sides with a nationally gentle G—— ——! I soon remarked these people had a deal to do. They live on one great *foot*; though food and clothing in their country are dearer than with us, they must be better fed and clothed than we are. As belongs to ostentation, they have an enormous debt; yet, for the sake of bragging, sometimes they throw their guineas out of windows, tell the nations they are ready to box 'em, all round for sport, and give their respective monarchs, a handsome douceur into the bargain. Wherefore John Bull has to labour day and night to find supplies for such out-goings; day and night must he task his brain for the discovery of new machines, and count his earnings in the sweat of his brow, and run and leap, without much looking about him, from the harbour to the Exchange, from the Exchange to the Strand;* and, therefore, it is very excusable, when at a corner in Cheapside, a poor devil of a *Deutsch* poet, all agape at a print-shop, stands in his way, he should push him aside out of it.

But the print which I was gazing at in Cheapside, was the crossing of the French over the Beresina.

When roused from this contemplation, I looked again upon the street, where a motley rout of men, [illegible]

[illegible]

copper coin for this service. Poverty in the fellowship of vice and crime, creeps at night-fall from its lurking-places. It shuns the light of day the more anxiously, the more horribly its wretchedness contrasts with the arrogance of wealth, which shows itself off every where: only hunger drives it sometimes at mid-day from its obscure dens, and there it stands with dumb yet speaking eyes, and supplicates the rich tradesman, who hastens past, jingling his gains, or the idle lord who like a satiated demi-god, rides a high horse, and now and then turns a proud, indifferent eye upon the human toil around him, as though they were diminutive ants, or a crowd of inferior creatures whose joy or woe had nothing in common with his feelings. Above the human rabble which cleaves fast to the clods, hovers England's nobility, like beings of higher race, which looks on little England as a lodging, Italy as its summer garden, Paris as its company saloon, and the whole world as its property. Without care or cupboard, they soar apart and their gold is a talisman which magically satisfies their wildest desires.

THE FIELD OF CORN.

Let others praise the myrtle flowers
From southern sun-born spring;
The glory of Italian bowers
By bard and beauty sung;
While Rosalie's endearing grace
Is in my mem'ry borne,
I'll not forget our trysting-place
Was in the field of corn.

The branching vines beneath our feet
No purple clusters bore,
But fruit more sunny-hued and sweet
The pumpkin's yellow store.
The plaintive quail that harbored near
Prolonged his note forlorn,
And every sigh and sound was dear
Among the Indian corn.

The green and trailing leaves at last
Were faded, crisp, and sere,
And over them the autumn blast
Bewailed their ruin drear.
By reapers from the tasselled stalk
The golden ear was torn,
And desolate became our walk
Within the field of corn.

—Sunday Reading.—

HEAVENLY MINDEDNESS.

"Set your affections on things above." In what is the spiritual and sublime nature of our holy religion more clearly seen, than in its transforming and elevating influence on the affections. This is obvious if we consider the objects to which they naturally cleave. That they naturally center in created, perishable, and often destructive objects is abundantly evident from the united testimony of Scripture, observation, and the experience of those who have felt the transforming influence of the Holy Spirit in the renewing of their minds. But with their affections bent down to earth and centered in created objects, as well may the adamant attempt to refuse obedience to the universal law of gravitation, and like the dew ascend to aerial regions, as for the unrenewed in heart to elevate their affections to "things above," until the "washings of regeneration is shed on them abundantly by the renewing of the Holy Ghost;" and "a manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man" for his salvation. But while this is rejected, their pursuits, interests, hopes and prospects, are all concentrated in objects earthly and perishable. With how much eagerness and vigilance are the enterprises of wealth and gain pursued; how steadily is the object kept in view; how completely is the soul absorbed in the desire of its attainment, as if the secret of supreme enjoyment were here to be found; or as if the possession of such objects is worthy of a desperate struggle, and adequate to compensate for any sacrifice which can be made in their attainment, or as if the entire scope and design of our being center in this acquisition! How can this be accounted for but on the admission that the affections are naturally "earthly" and "sensual"? That they are perverted from the only object worthy of creatures destined to another state of being; creatures gifted with endowments, and furnished with desires too lofty to find [illegible]

[illegible]

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

BOARDING HOUSES IN AMERICA.—The more [I] saw of boarding house life, the worse I thought of it—though I saw none but the best. Indeed, the degrees of merit in such establishments weigh little in the consideration of the evil of their existence at all. In the best it is something to be secure of respectable company, of a good table, a well mannered and courteous hostess, and comfort in the private apartments; but the mischief of the system throw all these objects into the back ground.

To begin with young children. There can be no sufficient command of proper food for them, or any security that they will eat it naturally at the table where fifty persons may be sitting, a dozen obsequious blacks waiting, and an array of tempting dishes within sight. The child is in imminent danger of being too shy and frightened to eat at all, or of becoming greedy to eat too much. Next, it is melancholy to see girls of twelve years old either slinking down beside their parents, and blushing painfully as often as any one of fifty strangers looks towards them; or boldly staring at all that is going on, and setting themselves like little women of the world. After tea, it is a common practice to hand the young ladies to the piano, to play and sing to a party composed mostly of gentlemen, and brought together on no principle of selection except mere respectability. Next comes the mischief to the young married ladies, the most numerous class of women found in boarding houses. The uncertainty about domestic service is so great, and the economy of boarding-house life so tempting to people who have not provided themselves with house and furniture, that it is not to be wondered at that many young married people use the accommodation provided. But no sensible husband, who could beforehand become acquainted with the liabilities incurred, would willingly expose his domestic peace to the fearful risk. I saw enough when I saw the elegantly dressed ladies repair to the windows of the common drawing room, on their husband's departure to the counting house, after breakfast. There the ladies sit for hours doing nothing but gossipping with one another, with any gentleman of the house who may happen to have no business, and with visitors. It is true that the sober minded among the ladies can and do withdraw to their own apartments for the morning, but they complain that they cannot settle to regular employments as they could in a house of their own. Either they are not going to stay long, or they have not room for their books, or they are broken in upon by their acquaintance in the house. The common testimony is, that little can be done in boarding houses; and if the more sober minded find it so, the fate of the thoughtless, who have no real business to do, may be easily anticipated. [illegible]

[illegible]

THE CHARACTER OF A WOMAN.

[illegible]

THE MARRIED STATE.

[illegible]

Saturday Evening Post.

JULY 29, 1837.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"W. G." is rejected.

"Fiat" cannot appear.

"E. C. J." we have consulted to publish.

The Oration at Richmond, Indiana, will be inserted soon. It is highly creditable to the author.

BETTER CURRENCY.

We copy the following from a letter dated Pontotoc, Missouri, July 7, 1837, to a merchant of this city:

"It is with great difficulty that northern funds can be had in this State—the fact is, it is almost an impossibility. I send you four tens and one twenty dollar note, of the United States Bank, for which I gave twenty per cent. premium, in current money of the country here, and if I had any more remittance to make from this section of the country, I do not know where the right kind of funds could be had. It is the case at the pressing time in this State, and all the South and West, I ever know of; but, fortunately, we are in possession of ample good estate to meet all our demands, and then have some left."

Here is a blessed sample of the operation of the humbug—in Benton's own State—just where the gold was to flow up the Mississippi. The people will understand all this. The same merchant who received the above letter, received on a small remittance a short time since from Tennessee, in United States Bank notes, a premium of silver and 74 per cent. premium were given.—*U. S. Gaz.*

Hot-Air Blast.—The following statement showing the advantages derived in the manufacture of iron from the application of the hot air blast, was placed in our hands a day or two ago, by a gentleman who received it from Mr. Grubb, the proprietor of Mount Hope Furnace, in Lancaster county, an Iron Master well qualified by science and experience, to conduct an experiment judiciously and accurately, one to be relied —At the commencement of the Blast of 1836, with the cold blast in nine weeks 2970 bushels of charcoal were used and 163 tons of Pig Metal were made, averaging 176 bushels of charcoal to the ton—During a similar period, at the commencement of the Blast of 1837, the same furnace with the hot blast consumed 2467 bushels of charcoal and made 223 tons of Pig Metal, averaging 198-73 bushels of coal per ton, being a saving of 67 bushels, per ton, and making 15 tons more metal in the same length of time. Several Iron Masters in our county have used the hot blast for a year or two with decided advantage. The air of Mount Hope is heated, we understand, by the flame issuing from the stacks at the tunnel head without other expense than the pipes which conduct it. It is raised to a temperature which burns wood sharings when applied to a stream issuing from the pipes.—*Reading Journal.*

Explosion.—About six o'clock on the morning of the 21st inst. the gunsmith shop of Henry De Groof, 464 Greenwich street, west side, next door below the corner of Morris. New York, was blown up by gun-powder. We learn from the Journal of Commerce, that "Mr. De Groof, who was in the shop at the time was buried in the ruins; but was soon after got out, badly burnt, but not otherwise materially injured, and taken to the hospital. He was able to walk, but his recovery, we suspect, is extremely doubtful. His wife was in the room over the shop, getting breakfast. The explosion demolished the floor on which she was standing, as well as the shop floor, and she was precipitated into the cellar. She had a leg broken, and was otherwise injured, but is expected to recover.—An old man, a native of France, who was passing at the time of the explosion, was a good deal hurt, chiefly by glass cutting his face. Two persons in the garret received no injury. The building was of wood, and of little value. It was owned by W. & G. M'Closkey, who also owned the corner building, and occupied it as a grocery. The amount of powder burnt is supposed to have been about 50 lbs.; exceeding by several pounds the quantity which any person within the fire limits is allowed to keep by law. The explosion was tremendous. Besides the almost entire destruction of the premises, the windows of the grocery on the Murray street side were burst out, together with bottles, decanters, &c. and broken to pieces. Several of the adjacent buildings had nearly every pane of glass broken.

A most Disgraceful Scene.—We learn that the German Reformed church in Fourth street was desecrated by a scene of violence and disorder, reflecting the deepest disgrace on all parties concerned in it. The following are the leading particulars as they have been communicated to us.

At about 11 o'clock, two clergymen followed by their respective friends, unceremoniously entered the church and made for the pulpit. On reaching the sacred desk, the pamphlet was immediately deposited in drawer and sticks and clubs were put freely in requisition; being supplied by breaking up the rails around the altar! Possession of the pulpit was gained alternately by both parties, and both parties alternately dispossessed. While matters were in this frightful state of victory and defeat, the alarm bell was rung and the firemen rushed to the spot, determined, we believe, to throw cold water upon the fiery valor of the reverend belligerents. In the meantime, however, a strong party from the Police office parried the combatants, cleared the church and closed it; very much to the dissatisfaction of both parties. The clergymen were sent to have fought like very Bonchers; having their clerical garments torn to rags, and one of them returning with a remarkably heavy eye, possessed all odds external. On the whole it is the grossest outrage that has ever occurred in this country and it is mortifying to record a transaction so deeply disgraceful to the city, that even only to the ministers engaged in it.—If any of the particulars here given are exaggerated or erroneously stated in any respect, they shall be corrected with greater pleasure than we here give them.—*N. Y. Gazette.*

Fattening.—Last week, two gentlemen arrived from the West Indies at one of the Hotels in this city, and were put into the same room. Thursday morning they went to search out the residence of some gentleman, to whom one of them had letters of introduction. No being able to find it easily, one of the gentlemen, who was somewhat stout, was induced to treat himself at a neighboring porter house, and accordingly went. Fortune, while his companion prosecuted his inquiries in another direction. The sick gentleman lounged about until he thought the dinner hour was approaching, without meeting with his friend, and then, in company with the waiter, returned in a hack to their quarters, but judge his surprise on going up to his room to dress, to find his two treacherous friend, who separate fortune he had only made on shipboard, had returned before him, and took the opportunity of carrying off all his luggage, together with about $700 in cash. The poor gentleman immediately drew on his bankers for $200, and sent out of the waiter to purchase some small articles of wearing apparel, giving him a $50 bill, the only one he had in his pocket, forgot all except for $25, but was detected on his return, forced to fork out the balance, and toss kicked out of the house.—*New York Evening Star.*

Charming Progress.—We have not been out of town lately, but a friend just from the country, describes the appearance of the crops, and the luxuriant growth of vegetation, as the finest he ever beheld, beautiful and flourishing. The wheat crop, now nearly out of danger, will measure 3 or 4 bushels for one expected a month ago. The rye is more than an average. Oats are stimulated beyond example. Large quantities of hay have been secured, and the new mowers lately already coming up in luxuriant succession. The pasture lands are in fine condition, and cattle and other live stock are of both of better. Meanwhile, the corn of which there is an uncommonly large planting, is just as promising as heart could wish; with fine vigorous colour, and the whole family of vegetables seem ready to pay their full tribute. Putting all these things together, we do not know but that the season, so unexpectedly late, may hereafter be noted as our year of plenty.—*Winchester Republican.*

Brig Ripper, Burns, arrived at Boston, on Sunday last, from New Orleans. Spoke, 30th inst. lat. 28, lon. 79 20, ship Britannia, Clark, from Mobile, for Liverpool. On the 31st inst. at miles N. W. of Cuba, fell in with an open boat, having on board six men, and the route between them and the others refusing to leave the boat, stating that they intended to cross the Bay of Mexico, but for what object they did not inform. Supplied them with a small pocket compass and some provisions. The former was also taken on board, calls his name John Schmidt, a Prussian, and he informed the Capt. that the boat's crew belonged on board the ship Mark Away, Newcomb, from New Orleans for Liverpool—a full cargo of cotton, and that on the morning of the 29th ult. weather clear and pleasant, she struck on the Carysfort Reef, at the S. W. end of Cuba; after remaining on hard two days, and throwing overboard nearly all the cotton between decks, she fell over on her side among the rocks, began to leak badly, and a storm coming on, Capt. N. his first mate, and eight passengers took to the long boat, and the 2d mate and crew of which he was one, to the remaining boats. The Mark Away was bound to sea from New Orleans about 31st ult. with a cargo of 1600 bales cotton.

Wreck and Loss of Life.—The schr. Albany, of eighty-two tons, was chartered of Messrs. T. H. Wales & Co. by capt. Joseph Johnson and Captain Whipple, to proceed to Indian River, Me. for a cargo of wood. They left the city early on Friday morning, but near Cape Ann, about 1 o'clock, Capt. W. and a seaman went below to prepare some dinner, &c., leaving Captain Johnson at the helm alone, there being but three persons on board. Not long after they felt the vessel jarring upon a rock, and going on deck, found Captain Johnson either asleep or overcome with grief, from a fit, and the vessel upon a ledge of rocks on the shore of Milk Island. He, however, by a little after high water their exertions to get the vessel off proved unavailing, although the keeper of the neighboring light house and wreck-master had come to their assistance. These persons advised them to quit the vessel, as she would soon fall off the top of the ledge among the other rocks, and then they would inevitably perish. Captain Whipple and the seaman prepared to leave, and did all they could to induce Capt. Johnson to do so, but he refused, saying that he "did not care to live now," and appeared desirous that he had previously done that day. Soon after the others left, the vessel fell off, and Capt. Johnson was drowned. The vessel has bilged, but may be raised again. There was an insurance upon her of $1,000.—*Salem Gaz.*

Dreadful Effects of Lightning.—We are this week called upon to chronicle one of the most direful events in the history of lightning known in this part of the country. The following facts have been collected from the principal sufferer in the disaster. During the thunder storm on Tuesday night last, the house of Mr. Hawley, Walter Hawley, situated about three miles west of the Ridgefield church, was struck by the bolt, and destroying the house in ruins. Mr. Hawley, his son, and grandchild, were instantly killed, while Mrs. Hawley, immediately after the flash, called several times to her husband, who slept in an adjoining room, and as they were, she went to the bed, and found her husband a corpse. She then proceeded upon the room which occupied a room below, and he not answering, she hastened to the spot, and found him and child dead, and the house in ruins. She supposed, cannot recover—and who was deliberating what course to pursue in the morning, which does not appear to be affected in the least degree by the bolt. The house was situated on a height, having trees near it, but no electric conductor on the house. The house was not insured, except one or two small glass being broken, where the fluid is supposed to have passed into the house.—Norwalk, Ct. *Chronicle.*

New Orleans, July 17.—The steamer Robert Mathis left this morning for Red River, with 200 rifle on the 11th. On the 13th, arrived at foot of Isabella 98, and fell in with the wreck of steamer York Haddle, and having a party on board, at the height of 14th at 12 o'clock, and sunk in three minutes afterwards in 40 feet of water. The remaining above water—carrying down 10 deck passengers and 20 cabin passengers, all of whom were missing, had met the same fate.—The boat and principal cargo totally lost—no insurance on boat. After a few hours delay, the R. M. left the wreck, having taken off the officers, crew, remaining passengers and such of the cargo as could be got out, she proceeded on her voyage, leaving many of the deceased passengers to the care of Capt. and the remainder in the city. No blame whatever appears to be attached to the officers or crew of the Haddle in this unfortunate affair—as it being one of those unforseen accidents which no human foresight can prevent—attributed wholly to darkness and the fatal current.

The floor and wheel arrived at the Hudson river by way of the Erie Canal, on the years 1836 and 1837, up to the 10th day of July in each year, as follows, viz.

Flour, 1836, barrels	368,761	
" 1837, "	194,510	
Falling off in barrels		174,171
Wheat, 1836, bushels	160,054	
" 1837, "	59,477	
Falling off in bushels	100,577	
Equal to barrels		16,043

Thus showing a falling off in barrels

Equal to	190,204

The diminution of bushels of wheat prevents the if not wholly *from foreign countries* brought from New York, and cleared at Albany and West Troy, since the first cargo that arrived on the 16th July, is 127,681 bushels—equal, at 5 bushels to the barrel, to 25,536 barrels of flour.

On the supposition that flour and wheat are to be kept at the same rate of duty, the amount of it is to be attributed to the shortened the crop of last year, the loss of which is probably to be supplied from abroad. The duty on flour at all per bbl. must be put down at $1,500,000. To this should be added the loss of the revenue from tolls on the canal, which at the same valuation, would amount to about $297,000, or altogether $1,797,000.—*Argus.*

NEW ORLEANS, July 17th, 1837.

Royal Affair.—Major Noah's Liverpool correspondent, in describing the first grand ball held at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, by Adelaide Waiters, thus mentions the royal party:

"Some of your fair readers may be curious to know what royalty was garnished on this occasion; I will therefore gratify their curiosity by reporting my ability to give a list of all the royal personages present at the ball.

The Princess Victoria was one of the plainest dressed ladies in the room. Indeed, she was not dressed like a princess at all, but like a young lady in person and situation—may her fate be a happy one! She looked very well, however, and over a very rich white satin slip ornamented slightly with silver, she wore a wreath and bouquet of natural flowers at the centre. Her hair was worn without curls, and confined by a band of pearls. Her sister, the Duchess of Kent, found the ball was a wreath of maiden-blush roses.

"The Duchess of Kent, who is still a fine looking woman, was dressed in white satin and lace, &c., in fond of sumptuous apparel, and wore a very magnificent crest of white satin, ornamented with pearls, and a large plume of white feathers. She wore an immense quantity of diamonds.

"The Princess Augusta a motherly old maid of about 50, was dressed in white satin, &c., a dress of blonde and white satin decked out with much unsuitable finery, and had a large plume of white feathers.

Wisdom of a Canada Jury.—The following humorous account of the Court of Queen's Quarter Sessions in the present, exhibits at the same time a specimen of the wisdom of a Canada wisdom of a Canada Jury. The only thing wanting to complete the picture is a touch of the wit of Sydney Smith. The following account of the matter was for the Court to the fair then, agreeably to the request, to the Court House, where the Court and two other Magistrates.

Value of Bank Stock.—Ann Gallatee, a smart looking girl, was placed at the bar, charged with stealing three notes of $5 each, namely, two of the Bank of Montreal, and one of the Bank of Canada. It appeared from the evidence adduced, that the prisoner, on the 20th ultimo, entered a shop, roused the notes in question, and a sovereign, and on being asked to change the latter, she refused to do so, and left the establishment. The notes were at length traced to the hands of Miss Ann Gallatee's shop, and she was apprehended.

On the entrance, Mr. M. Cook argued that the notes were not the property of the prisoner, as the prisoner were in reality of no value whatever—a piece of waste paper, and consequently could not be the subject of theft. The Court, however, was of a contrary opinion, and considered the notes as the property of the Bank

A VALEDICTORY TO DISTANT SUBSCRIBERS.

☞ *The exigencies of the times and the dereliction of the currency in the Southern, South Western, and some of the Western States, compel us reluctantly to reform the system of credits and indulgences we have suffered to grow for sometime past in our distant subscription.*

Subscriptions must be paid *in advance, or at furthest during the year.* A very large proportion of the delinquents owe us from *one to two dollars, would cost more in collecting in the usual way, than it would be worth.*

We shall try the "experiment," by discontinuing at the expiration of the current six months all subscriptions not paid in advance, in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and Georgia, and shall follow it up by pursuing our patronage in Carolina, Tennessee, Missouri, Texas and Arkansas.

Our patrons ought not, and we hope will not, blame us for endeavoring to throw off, what (at present at least) proves a grievous burden—a large portion of our patrons seem to think newspapers are to be furnished for them, who are disposed to remember us, cannot furnish us with a circulating medium which will answer our purpose.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, July 29, 1837.

Mr. J. A. McMILLAN, of *Madison, Indiana*, is appointed agent for Atkinson's Parodicals, in place of J. H. Cowden, Esq. resigned.

Lewis Brown, of Goshen, Lancaster county, Pa. is appointed agent in place of Levi B. Reese of a physician and

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, our travelling agent, is about making a collection tour through NEW JERSEY, commencing at the Eastern boundary. He is authorised to collect and wish for outstanding debts. It is hoped that our New Jersey friends will give him every facility for the prosecution of his business, especially—Many accounts are much in arrears, and Mr. Pierce is authorised to adopt such course as he may deem expedient, for the full performance of his duties.

The weather for a few days past has been delightful—being something like a medium between the warmth of summer, and the cool breezes of spring.

The 1st No. 33 vol. of the National Atlas, to be published on Saturday next, contains the word of and music of "She is Thine," one of the most popular songs of the present day.

THE CASKET.

The August No. of the Casket will contain some very valuable embellishments, a view of Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J. accompanied with a concise description of the building, which will be continued in the September No. by the addition of much more valuable information, respecting the collegiate regulations of the institution.

We may take the opportunity of adverting to the numerous favourable notices "THE CASKET" has received from the conductors of the public press throughout the United States—A munificent and liberal public patronage has assured the Editor that his exertions for its improvement have been fully appreciated.

The publication of this work is solely and one that will hereafter be maintained, is that the selections from foreign magazines, are original in the United States nor in the columns of the Casket. A careful supervision is exercised over original contributions, and no expense spared to procure the various embellishments of engravings, music, &c.

The No. for August will be ready in the course of the ensuing week.

THE TIMES.

There is little change in the aspect of commercial affairs in this city—business of all kinds being dull, and money hard to be obtained—The confidence that existed under the old system years to be indulged by the mercantile community on very insufficient grounds.

The favourable character of the late foreign news, has exercised a beneficial effect on stocks —as the reader will perceive by referring to the sales of this week. The premium on specie is increasing, and the demand for exportation decreases in the same proportion. We notice in the N. Y. sales of Tuesday last, a Treasury draft for $12,000 at 4 per cent premium.

A large balloon passed over the city early on Wednesday morning, from which it is said to have safely disappeared after crossing the river to the Jersey shore. The adventurous aeronaut was distinctly seen waving his flag as he crossed the side of the moon for the benefit of the citizens of Camden. Whether this was Mr. Clayton, from Louisville, or Mr. Lunardi, from Boston, or somebody else, is modestly left to the third opinion as stated above.

BOSTON FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The Fire Department has been considerably broken up, by the refusal of the Chief Engineer & Corporation, in interfering with the voluntary associations of firemen, and endeavouring to extend their authority, at the risk of which they will not place themselves on the scale of watchmen, policemen and other servants of the corporation, who are paid for their labour, and submit to the direction of the corporation under their reasurance to the arbitrary resolutions of the Mayor and Councils, we are disposed to subsinder as and laughable—Unsatisfactory. In the mean time the position of the city is far from enviable, harbouring a set of prowling incendiaries within its limits, and deprived of the services of a body of men who have for years repressed the rage of the devouring element. It is probable that the Corporation sooner than retract their unwarrantable point may send the department, will employ the funds of the city in hiring substitutes to fulfil the duties of the regular associations.

In relation to this subject we may observe, that the high reputation that the firemen of Philadelphia bore every where acquired and sustained, is owing in a great measure to the independence, and freedom from civic trammels. Let them once degenerate into the paid servants of the Mayor, and their fame and usefulness are gone together.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Poughkeepsie Gazette relates the circumstance of a swarm of bees having taken up their lodgings on the end of the flag-staff on the harbour. That novel crew stopped themselves in an instant immediately below her rail and between the bulwarks. They entered through an aperture where a knot had been drawn out, about 20 feet above the water, and are now to be seen diligently engaged in furnishing their store house with a cleanly comb that was ever extracted from the mighty deep.

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The origin of this unmeaning phrase of leave-taking is in the sentence, "God be with thee." Sentence God be with you, and finally modified by English ingenuity into "good-by."

CREICHTON.

Ainsworth's celebrated novel of Crichton has been dramatised by Henry Coleman, Esq. a relative of this unfortunate gentleman, and which latter city he produced several dramas of decided merit, and which were most favourably received in their representation.

Mr. Wemyss has purchased the drama, and will shortly produce it at the American Theatre. We are informed by a friend who has perused the production, that it is rich in scenic effect, and will warrant those costly accompaniments which Wemyss knows so well how to adapt to the stage.

POLITICAL CHANGES.

The recent disavowals by the Globe of the principles, which have hitherto been acknowledged by the administration, are only curious as giving the indications of change in the Government itself. The veering of the political weathercock itself is nothing—but as pointing out the change in the breeze which governs its motions, it becomes worthy of attention.

The leaders of the administration party have foreseen the danger of merging out of the *Loco Foco* or Radical party—which, though in the mass consisting of honest and well-meaning men, is governed by a few cunning, designing men who direct its measures, and procure its adherence to the government for *official considerations.* But the movements of this party have become too gross for the administration to sanction, and the resolutions passed at the late meeting in Independence Square though so cordially accepted at Washington, have undoubtedly contributed to the late separation from this party, as implied by the Globe.

Henceforth, the test of "the faithful" will be, not the manias against Banks, nor enmity to the monster, nor the belief in "a pure metallic currency," but the will to support Executive prerogative over the legislative—and that the supremacy will be handed over to the Whigs, to adjust as they choose—while the party will let them work in peace in any measure of the last session involved in difficulties t'y the failure of any plan proposed by the Opposition, to rescue the country from its present deplorable state.

CANADA.

The reports from this province continue to indicate an extent seated state of popular feeling, of which it is difficult to foresee the result. The more prominent actors in this drama are Papineau and Bedlam, and the leaders of the progressing revolution have loudly proclaimed their expectation of assistance and support from the U. States.—Whether the government for court of the present aspect of the N. E. Boundary question, which it is probable may interrupt the amicable feeling which has existed between the Great Britain, in which case it would be a matter of policy to form a counteraction of the retorted pressure. The compliment of the American people to the Canadian authorities, while in the exercise of his official duties to the State of Maine, is not a circumstance that will be lightly passed over by our Provincial neighbours to the military to hold themselves in readiness on either side, present an ominous aspect, and doubtless give great confidence to the Canadian agitators in their project of a successful rebellion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By reference to other columns it will be seen that the foreign news, from this quarter is varied and varied interest. The effect which the news of our Bank suspensions would have in England, has been fully ascertained, and every impartial mind must be gratified at the lasting effect of measures which led to this course, have been justly appreciated by the English merchants. The late panic in the money market, has subjected many of the American merchants for swindling and robbery, probably owing to these terms having been employed by the Chief Magistrate of the government; but the liberal papers which generally convey the best expression of public opinion, represent the matter in its true light and unreservedly pronounce the measures adopted by the present and past administration of this country, which have led to such destructive results.

The death of the King will not have any immediate effect upon the political relations of Great Britain with other countries, and it is evident that no change in the policy of the present ministry is contemplated by the present Queen. Her majesty is represented as possessing great vigour and decision of character, which will be called into action ere long by the disturbed condition of the country. It is not improbable, that she may assume the title which will be Queen Bess' and prefer to sway the sceptre of Great Britain in single blessedness, instead of confiding the cares of royalty to some of the petty princes of Germany or Austria, who are aiming at this prize.

BALTIMORE ELECTION.

In the Fourth District, which comprises the City of Baltimore and the counties of Baltimore, Anne Arundel, Howard and Mckim, Van Buren men have an average majority of 430 votes.

CLASSICAL.

Mr. Webster passed through the western part of the State of New York, on his way to Massachusetts. The New York Commercial announces his progress in the west, to the descent of the Indian by the name of Great

WOOL.

The sheep-shearing through Vermont has been finished, and the crop is estimated at about three millions of pounds. There is no market for the commodity at present, nor is one likely to be made at any price. Fortunately the farmers are able to give long credits, and their produce the sale of wool is usually locked up until next Camden. Whether this was Mr. Clayton, from Louisville, or Mr. Lunrad, from Boston, or somebody else, is modestly left to the third opinion as stated above.

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From the Boston Centinel of Saturday.

Municipal Court.—The Court House was crowded yesterday morning on persons being attracted there, by the notice in the newspapers of the charge of one of the juries against the Reporter of the Atlas, for a libellous publication concerning their conduct.—Richard Hildreth, Esq. the Reporter of the Atlas, and an Attorney at law addressed the Court at some length avowing his respect for the Court, indulging in a personal severity towards the foreman of the jury, and charging with ingenuous attitude upon his personal rights, as an Attorney of the Court, and as a citizen of Massachusetts. When he closed, Judge Thacher ordered Mr. Hildreth to be fined, he had heard had changed his opinion. He then delivered an elegantly written opinion, announcing most minds, and concluding with the remark that he thought the Attorney of the Commonwealth was right in the view which probably he had taken of the matter, that nothing was to be done in the premises by a summary process, but should proceed, if there were any complaint to be considered, in the usual manner of criminal proceedings before the grand jury. Mr. Hildreth, he observed, had not altered, and the latter returned to Mr. Parker, to be laid before the Grand Jury, if he thought proper. And so this curious affair terminated.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 24.

Turkey—The farsons, or rather infamous, treaty of Russia is not to be kept an act of naught; and that too by the Americans, who, under the phantom dangers imagined to attend an infraction of it, have put themselves up a vessel of war, without as much as asking leave of the Sublime Porte. The Charge d'affaires at this court, Commodore Porter, who was here when the treaty was made, is now absent on a pleasure excursion in the Black Sea, in the schooner, having come thus far for the express purpose of seeing realized, by the Porte, which he had been absent for upward of a year in search of health. It is fair to conclude, therefore, that in acting as he has done, Commodore Porter has followed the dictates of his government, which may have felt disposed to do what is right, even if the whole world beside were determined to do the contrary. A useful example has thus been set us and it is to be hoped we have citizens of the Canadian authorities, while in the exercise of his official duties to the State of Maine, is not a circumstance that will be lightly passed over by our Provincial neighbours to the military to hold themselves in readiness on either side, present an ominous aspect, and doubtless give great confidence to the Canadian agitators in their project of a successful rebellion.

From the Courier.

We subjoin the bulletin which was affixed at the Herald office and at St. James's today at 2 o'clock—

"Windsor Castle, June 15.

"The king has passed another tranquil night, and his majesty appears refreshed this morning.

(Signed) "HENRY HALFORD,
"JAMES CLARKE,
"DAVID DAVIES."

We are bound, however, to notice, that it is drawn up very cautiously, and the physicians certainly do not contradict the report that the court circular this morning, that "no improvement has taken place this afternoon" in his majesty's health.

A Cold Water Celebration.—There was a tremendous row at New Berlin, Chenango county, on the 5th inst. on the 4th of July, a celebration being what should have the coming room at Wilson's Hotel, and every thing was going on quietly and pleasantly, when a dispute arose between the guests: the master of the hotel told them that they must go to the bar room, which soon at Greenville inured his breast and said, "Gentlemen, you must go out." The bar keeper shouted, the water quenched, the fire flashed, the smoke ascended, the bar room was filled with broken glass, on the heads of the guilty mass; bottles smash, general crash, tumblers, chairs, pitching heads from the upper quarter, showers of water for water; nose pulling stares, and broken bones; heads bleeding, and hearts bloody and sore; feuds and rufflers; the cats take the house by storm, the dogs the yard; the hogs the sty; and the rats the cellar, and the whole was a perfect pandemonium, without hesitation redeeming the scenes of battle!

Sea Serpent Arrested.—We have never had opportunity enough to see the huge object, known as the Sea Serpent, until the present week, when with a good glass we had a close view of him, as he lay quietly at anchor in the bay. At the National Hotel first discovered his snakeship, between his house and Egg Rock, and from the time he was discovered, he was taken for a log, about 100 feet long, brown, snaky monster, going about as fast as a log in the flow of the current. With the glass the bunches on his back were plainly discernible, and his head was seen above the water. His length must have been about 100 feet. Various efforts at the time to get a ball that he was seen by at least 1000 persons on the preceding Sunday, and exhibited no signs of life, other than what is due to the present occasion.—*Boston Traveller.*

Mr. Sigourney, President of the Phœnix Bank in Hartford, has published a pamphlet, containing a letter from the Bank Commissioners of that State, and the reply of Mr. Hosmer, the Cashier. Mr. S. is about to retire from the Presidency of the Bank, and Mr. Hosmer to be his successor. Consequently the personal antipathies of the present President have misrepresented the Bank, and in order to create a certain private transactions connected with that bank. Public feeling has been excited against Mr. Sigourney in Hartford, where he is not distinguished as a severe disciplinarian in financial partner. The affair is now in process of investigation by the Directors, who have not as yet made known their knowledge or acquiescence in the transactions.

BUFFINLY OUTRAGE.

Peter Pindar's Cutted Stable.—A clever and instructive little tome, for which we are indebted to Doubner, Thomas & Co. the publishers,—the interior beautifully and handsome typographical execution, together with sundry well executed engravings on steel and wood, will find favour in the eyes of the younger classes of the community, much as the pleasant and ingenious arrangement of its contents, will meet the approbation of the elder. Seven appropriate tales facilitate the comprehension of the youthful reader.

We have not seen for a long time, a volume more calculated for a handsome and instructive present.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE.

The Benefit of Mr. Heath on Saturday evening last, was graced by a house of overflowing fashion and respectability of the city. The play selected was Shakspeare's King Lear, Heath taking the principal character, and ably supported by J. R. Scott, as Edgar. Notwithstanding the omne which the great length of this play invariably occasions to the audience, the spirit with which it was performed aided the enthusiasm of the house, and drew down a repeated rounds of applause.

The benefit of Hadaway on Monday evening was attended by a numerous assemblage of visitors, the revival of the beautiful spectacle of "Thalaba."

Mrs. Pearson a native tragedian of this city, made his first appearance lone for some years, in the part of Othello, on Tuesday night. J. B. Scott took the part of Iago, a character he has especially performed, and of course, an interest to its representation by Booth. It displayed a great want of judgment on the part of both, to place themselves in contrast with this celebrated actor.

Mrs. Proctor played the part of Desdemona pathetically, and naturally—as indeed was every character that we have ever seen her undertake.

The tragedy of Douglas was performed on Wednesday evening, affording an opportunity to the public to see their favourite Conner in a new character—Young Norval. His appearance was hailed with shouts of applause, and his acting deserved it. The energy of his performance strongly resembled the acting of Cooper, in the same part. Pearson and Scott took the respective characters of Glenalvon and Old Norval. The former is a very inferior actor, and utterly unable to play the higher tragic parts.

Interesting News from Europe!

From the N. Y. Courier and Inquirer.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the *Louis Philippe*, Capt. Castell, from Havre on the 19th, and the *World's monster*, Capt. Moore from *Portsmouth* on the 14th, we are placed in possession of Havre dates of the 18th, Paris of the 11th and London of the 10th inst.

The news of the suspension of specie payments on the morning of the 11th, and publication in the London morning papers. The calm which had been in a measure anticipated, and notwithstanding the abusive article published in the *Times*, it is apparent that the merchants generally looked upon the suspension as calculated to increase the chance of resumption at a day. The *Times* itself, admits that such was the general opinion in the city, and the Morning Post adds—"The suspension of payment in specie in all the principal cities of the Union is viewed by parties with different sentiments, but the more general impression seems to be that it will be attended with beneficial results."

The same paper also contains the following paragraph:—

"It appears that an idea prevails among the leading mercantile men and capitalists in the city, that the financial difficulties which have lately arisen in America are by no means peculiarly as an end, and that a public declaration to that effect is now called for. The late events in America have evidently tended much to relieve apprehension.

Upon the whole, we look upon the news as decidedly *favorable*, inasmuch as it caused no perceptible alarm, no more than the usual disquisitions in Specie could not fail to satisfy all minds that the measure was a necessary one, and was brought upon the country by the folly, the extravagance, and the speculation of the people. No pretended ignorance of the disputed existence of the evil, however, can be urged by the Americans, as an excuse for an act that might otherwise be termed an unjustifiable one. The charge d'affaires at this port, Commodore Porter, who was here when the treaty was made, is now absent on a pleasure excursion in the Black Sea, in the schooner, having come thus far for the express purpose of seeing realized, by the Porte, which he had been absent for upward of a year in search of health. It is fair to conclude, therefore, that in acting as he has done, Commodore Porter has followed the dictates of his government, which may have felt disposed to do what is right, even if the whole world beside were determined to do the contrary. A useful example has thus been set us and it is to be hoped we have citizens of the Canadian authorities, while in the exercise of his official duties to the State of Maine, is not a circumstance that will be lightly passed over by our Provincial neighbours to the military to hold themselves in readiness on either side, present an ominous aspect, and doubtless give great confidence to the Canadian agitators in their project of a successful rebellion.

From the Courier.

The King of England in all probability is dead. For several days past the accounts from the court circular this morning, that "no improvement has taken place this afternoon" in his majesty's health, from the tone of the papers, has evidently deemed unavailable.

From the Herald.

Notwithstanding the favourable "official bulletin" yesterday, we deeply regret to state that the King is much worse—very much worse. Everything shows that his majesty neither passed "a good night," nor has the state of his health been favourable. The last bulletin says that he "had been on that "state of health," was not truly set forth. The last bulletin says that he "had been on that "state of health," was not truly set forth. The last bulletin says that he "had been on that "state of health," was not truly set forth

THE OLIO

Variety's the Spice of Life,
That gives it all its Savour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We extract the following, from a pathetic and heart-rending letter written to us for publication, our limits forbidding us to insert it entire. Though little given to sentimentality, we fancy there are few of our readers who will read without emotion, this tale of young affections blighted and withered in the bud. The melancholy and touching simplicity of the initial sighs are conveyed in the mournful subject.

It may be necessary to premise that the hapless lover is attending an companion with his mistress.—Ed.

* * * * * * * *

The hour arrived and I was true,
And on the door-sill stood—
Oh how my heart went "pit-pat,"
How wildly coursed my blood!
Thought I, now Anne dear, I'll elasp
And press thee to my breast—
I'll sip the nectar from thy lip—
It's what I'm most in haste for!

At length I put my hand against
The door, and gently pushed—
It ope'd—I listened—I was still,
The very cats were hushed!

Ah Ann, thinks I, you're quiet in
Some mischief you're about,
You want to tease me, just to try
My love, eh! Anne Howe!

I bent my ear—breathing round
Cause from the intimate side!
The coolness of a female form
My lyna-eye then descried.

It was my Ann! I made a spring
With outstretched arms, and so fell
The lovely inse—but oh! my eye!
How can the tale be told!

I sighed and sighed—and sighed again,
But I can't tell the forest trees,—
But as a tub of solvent soap
I sunk as cold as ice!

Ann threw an other'd air ajar,
And call a light shone in—
There stood her "dad" and "mam," and all
The house in a gin!

Just then I vowed to drown myself,
For how could I live more?
I ran down to the creek—jump'd in—
But soon acted out on shore!

The water was as cold as Death's
Bold skull on winter's night—
And as I sat, upon the bank so fast
As closed over night.

My father heard me coming in,
And ran to ascertain
Whom I had been all time o'clock,
And see came home again.

"A fishing, sir," I answered, and
"What luck had you?" said he—
"I only fished an hour, sir,
But one's enough for me!" W. G.

Harrisburg.

"Hallo, Mister!" exclaimed John, accosting Hodge, who was traversing the road in a small galley, "whither are you bound, good fellow?"—"To eternity, you."—"Humph!" said the wag, "I fear it will be all over before you get there."

HONEY MOON.—It was the custom of the high-est orders of Teutones, an ancient people who inhabited the northern parts of Germany, to drink mead or methoglin, a beverage made with honey, for thirty days after every wedding. From this custom their expression, to honey-moon, spend the honey moon." Attila, King of Hungary, drank so freely of this liquor on the night of his wedding day, that he was found suffocated at night, and with him expired the empire of the Huns.

The following highly poetical inscriptions, instead of the usual insignia of tools and shoes, are to be found on the signs of two brethren of the craft of the north-east:

"Here's the man that wont refuse
For to mend both boots and shoes;
My son, good, we charge's just;
Excuse me—I cannot trust."

The style is quite genuine; but as it has less of the business-like style than the former, we should be inclined to prefer the man of modest pretensions for our cobbler.

"Blow, O blow, ye gentle breezes,
Ah! among the leaves and trees;
Sing, O sing, ye lovesick sinners,
And I will mend your boots and shoeses."

ORTHOGRAPHY.—In Boston may be seen the following unique specimens of sign-board spelling—"Dry goods and follows, veriuson et inens-tun—" Beef stake's—" Vitelling Sellar"—"Kan Dime" "Eyes fete and Ere"—"Watches and Flores screwed in here." And over in Jersey, not five miles from the river, may be seen a small triangular sign, bearing the inscription—

I puts his bar
Knos-in strong her
Be's found on the top o' ker knee
And was yet d-d-n-k, mak's pe-dem.

Experimental philosophy—asking a man to lend you money. *Moral* philosophy—refusing to do it.

A LEARNED JUDGE.—"This afternoon, may it please your honor, I shall bring in *motte pros* relative to the case of the Commonwealth *vs. Jedediah Cruckshanks*,"—said the prosecuting attorney of a county in Vermont, to his honor on the bench.—"Molly Pros!—now, Mr. Attorney, I've heard you talk about that case for nine days. Molly Pros into court a god many times, but I never used her. If you're goin' to bring her, do it, and have done with her."

HOW AN APOTHECARY MAY GET ON IN POPULOUS TOWNS.—"Don't you see?" said Bob, "he goes up to the house, rings the area bell, hands a packet of medicine without direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Some one takes it into the dining parlor; waiter opens it and reads the label. 'Draught to be taken at bed time—pills before—lotion to mean part—powder. From Sawyers, late Nockemorf's, Pycadilly; proprietors of the celebrated pills and all the rest of it. Shows to his wife—she reads the label, goes down to the servants and they read the label. Next day the boy calls—

Very sorry—no mistake—immense business—great many people to deliver—Mr. Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemorf. The name gets known, and that's the thing. No, sir, for a medical way, bless your heart, old fellow, is a better than a fortune in the world. Why, I've had gat one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the towns in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."—*Pickwick papers.*

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—Count d'Orsena one day accompanied the emperor on a reconnoitering excursion. The count found himself becompanioning of thirst, and some one seeing a countryman at work at a little distance, called out. The woman did not know Napoleon, or any of his suite, so she gave the emperor a glass of spring water, mixed with a little brandy, and then curtsied for payment. "There, my good woman, you can Napoleon, possibly have given me." "There is the emperor, ask him for the money," said the count. The woman was quite blushed, and looked embarrassed; then turning to the count, said with an ejaculation of surprise with his eye of a connoisseur, and said: "He pays, nonsense! Do you think I am fool enough to believe that the emperor does not want a two-penth. You, sir, look much more like him yourself." The emperor was much amused at the remark, and he gave the woman a double loun.

THE PAINTER THREW DOWN HIS PENCIL.—One of the most celebrated Italian artists was employed in painting the Last Supper of our Lord. After by one, he studied the characters of the Apostles and then settled in his own mind, and painted on canvass, a form and countenance, as he fancied they might see that his character expressed. He then studied himself for the character of our Saviour—the most perfect attributes of his mind and heart.—He sought in all the stores of his own inventive fancy, for a combination of features and countenance that should express these attitudes.—the conscious power, the meekness, the patience,—the whole character of the Divine Redeemer. He studied long, intensely, but in vain. Every countenance he could imagine, fell far below, and at length threw down his pencil in despair, declaring that *'the face of Christ could not be painted.'* He did not doubt his own ability to fix distinctly on canvas any imaginary face; but he had learned that no combination can express the attributes of the Deity, and that whoever should gather into idea of the character of Christ from any visible representation of him, must of necessity be misapprehended.—Whether he make that application of his discovery or not, he had discovered the truth, which is the ground of the commandment, forbidding us to worship any image, or any likeness of any created thing.

ANECDOTES OF GERMAN COURTS.

The various-tongued denizens of the earth who had crowded Frankfort during the great fair were fast returning to their distant homes, the well filled *table d'hote* at the Bonsoncher Kaiser was now reduced to a few members of the *corps diplomatique*. "See that my passport is ready for Vienna," said I to the landlord, "for Frankfort has now become intolerably dull."

As the traveller journeys towards Saxony the face of the country undergoes a marked change; the vine-clad heights of the Mein give place to the dark ridges of the Thuringian forest, between which, and the Elbe, Europe extends the dominions or a crowd of petty princes who, by their family influence or political forces have thus saved their insignificant independencies from the fascinating lure of the German Confederation.

My travelling companion was an old Dutch Colonel, the Baron Van S——. He had made thirty campaigns, and the only uncertainty of a camp life had given to him that happy constitutional indifference which philosophy in vain aspires to. A vein of military pedantry ran through his conversation, which was enlivened by many shrewd and profound observations on men and things, such a fund of anecdote, as taught me that the Baron had made the institution of observer on the great theatre of events on which he had played his part. "He would make dominions! are we at present!" said I to the postmaster at Lauterstein, for a change of horses, an exclamation we had passed through half a dozen states. "In those of its Serene Highness of Saxe Meiningen," was the reply. "Indeed! I feel a little curious to visit the state that was likely to have the honor of one day giving a Emperor to Europe! We, therefore, proceeded straight to the capital, and little time it took to get there.

The town of Saxe Meiningen is situated on the right bank of the Werra, beautifully embosomed in hills, it is rather handsomely built, and is poetically called the City of the Harp. The population of the whole state is about 60,000 souls, its revenue is 30,000*l.* and as a member of the German Confederation, it has one fifth of a vote. I gathered this important statistical information from *Conversations Lexicon*. What a ridiculous *q'enfant de politique!* do these little petty German states present, with their standing armies and all the *attirail* of a court! Here is the duchy of Saxe Meiningen—its whole population is inferior to a moderately sized English town, and its entire revenue considerably less than the pin money of the Queen of Spain; such is the fact! English town, considered unworthy of being represented in Parliament, has double the population, and contributes the wealth and intelligence of Saxe Meiningen, that has given to us a Queen who has shown so much inherited constancy for our Manchesters and Birmingthams. An English hunter would gallop round its territory in an hour; an English nobleman must be a skilful financier to subsist on its paltry revenue without running in debt.

"You are right," said the Baron, "but it was still worse in the time of the old German Confederation. In fact the state we are now in is a mighty advance compared to the Lilliputian dominion or many of these princes, whose military contingent to the confederation was fixed at *half a man*. Some of the whole extent of their territory might have been ranged by an eighteen pounder. After the formation of the Confederation of the Rhine, eighty *de ces Messieurs* were mediatised at one *coup de plume*, an arrangement which was confirmed by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, who I believe would fain have extended to a few more this meditating principle, an act that would have gained for that assembly the eternal gratitude of the subjects of these petty sovereigns, who are borne to the earth by the weight of taxes to support their beggarly pride and ridiculous profusions. "To give you an idea," continued the Baron, "shortly after Holland was overrun by the French, I was in garrison at Breda. Now at those world-*d'etats en germaine*. I had sent a bumper of Rhudesheimer, for I expected the relation of a whole campaign at least; and I foresaw it would be far past midnight ere we got into winter quarters, but for once I was mistaken.

Tired of the ceremony of a garrison life, I resolved to make an excursion into some of the little states of the right bank of the Rhine; they were crowded at the time with French emigrants, and I fancied that there was to be a bit of amusement. I directed my steps to the sequest of the dominions of the Hereditary Prince of Bentheim Steinfurth, and took up my quarters at the Hotel de la Cour,—immediately opposite the palace. It was fortunate for it afforded me an opportunity of reviewing the standing army of the state, which consisted of six hussars and twenty grenadiers.

"On the second day of my arrival I waited upon the Grand Chamberlain, in order to make *le premier pas* towards an introduction at court to the prince, proving there good reasons (or at least, were indisposed) to procure the honour of an entree. I am a Baron myself, said I to reply to the Chamberlain 'but the revolution has changed rank. I had, however, brought with me some old musty parchments, though not with out the apprehensions of committing myself with my own government by figuring was under my old title. These I handed to him Never shall I forget the look of astonishment he bestowed on his fellows, and invoked sympathy with his manner ever afterwards.—*Hurtleston of Human Life.*

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME.—His dress the observed was in a great degree with every thing around him, that money and time might have been expected, in general uniform. The coat was of a prevailing color, and the ornament, however, and the use of the precious metals, as lavishly used as could be, even beyond what seemed consistent. He was powdered, and wore a white mulberry colored satin coat, lined with crimson, the cuffs and skirts, the size of hall crowns, to extend as far as the most fashionable mode would allow, and the buckles of his shoes were of the same metal; his sword was of the best cut steel, richly drawn over his stately leg, which he gently displayed with great self-satisfaction; his hands, which were thin and yellow and displayed no great store than bone, were covered with ruffles of the same materials as to cravat, and on fingers were loaded with jewelled rings. His hair was combed and powdered, and the eyes of his young housewoman before, and the maid her help; from the whole of the person above exceeded her mother's yearly income, and was furnished with such extraordinary care.—*Mary Howitt.*

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A RECOLLECTIONARY FESTIVAL.—On the 10th of June, was celebrated the festival in honor of the Supreme Being. On the same day that Robespierre sent one a note, requested that I would attend the ceremony. Dutal, the painter, was employed to make the designs for the festival was held in the garden of the Tuileries. In front of the garden, on a mound of earth, stood a gigantic figure of Fanaticism, crowned with the pagan of Fanaticism, crowned with the pagan of Atheism, and the figure of Wisdom, which was the other's pregnant. Face to face with this figure stood Atheism, which was represented in a timid manner, occupying the attention of the law. A mass of combustible matter surrounded the statue of Atheism, and was so disposed as to consume it at the moment when the statue of Wisdom